

OUR CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PAGE

Merry Christmas to Our Boys and Girls

Dear Children of the Club:
I feel like beginning my talk with that most joyful of all couplets:

"Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

I can just feel the delightful mystery that lurks in all the whispers of the grown-ups; and the delicious shiver that runs up your back as you jump into bed, knowing that to-morrow is Christmas Eve, and after that, on the morrow night and Tuesday morning we will all wake to about a "Merry Christmas," and to take a peep into our stockings to see what the dear old Saint has left for us in his swift journey through the night.

I do hope that these days of holiday may be packed full of pure pleasure for each and every member of the club, and indeed, for all children everywhere that the birthday of Christ is celebrated.

On the 23rd of January, we are going to publish a very special Robert E. Lee page in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of that greatest of all great men. A more detailed announcement will appear next Sunday, but I want you to begin to think about and prepare for this right away.

Again I wish you a very happy Christmas.
THE EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.
Mary Lou Tench, Jarratt, Va., for story entitled "What Santa Claus Brought Bessie."
W. J. Callan, Box 845, Norfolk, Va., for drawing entitled "The Best Yet."
Vivian Whitefield, Wallace, N. C., for poem entitled "Old Santa."

CONTRIBUTORS FOR THE WEEK.
Azen, Olive M. Moore, W. Susie
Allen, Edw. Miller, Lora
Allen, Edw. Moore, Lillie H.
Burrill, Virginia Mears, Lillian H.
Burrill, Baldwin M. Rose, Griffith
Tabor, Julian T. Miles, Margaret
Hanton, N. Irving Morris, Harriett E.
Cordes, August Ogburn, Lizale
Cordes, Amanda Ogburn, Janie R.
Curtis, Lella R. Olin, Lila R.
Cox, Ralph F. Whitson, W. J. Jr.
Callan, W. J. Pullen, Wm. T. Jr.
Dorset, Esther Pratt, Inez
Epperson, Elia Bell, Ida
Epperson, Ruth Robinson, Gladys
Fleming, Florence Harison, M. Louise
Fletcher, Edward Stewart, Maud
Goy, Hortense Switzer, Frances
Goodrich, Collin Scott, Ethel
Ganzert, Ethel Stinton, Lewis C.
Gates, Estelle Sydney, Novella
Garthright, Ame Tench, Virgie E.
Howard, Kate Tench, Mary Lou
Haden, Sallie Thwaites, Elsie V.
Harris, Lella Wyatt, Bessie S.
Hessom, M. Judith Whitson, Vivian
Johnston, Annie Lee Wood, Herman
Jennings, Edith Waldron, Frank
Kidd, W. D. Womack, Lella
Lowe, Grace Will, J. Elyza
Lutz, Spencer Young, Ruby

OLD SANTA.

Oh, children! old Santa is coming to-night,
Whom we all will be glad to see,
With trumpets and toys on sight,
Will fill us full of glee.
He works hard all through the year,
Never ceasing rain or snow,
And his good wife takes a part of the
burden to carry home to go.
Old Santa is merry, jolly and good,
His wife as good as he,
And always did what she could
For happy, jolly and good.
Santa is always work,
From his little day,
Yet he is searching—
Can you do that? Say!
Come, now, we must go to bed,
For it is time to go,
As he is coming to-night, it is said,
And I know that where it would be,
Wallace, N. C.

CHRISTMAS.

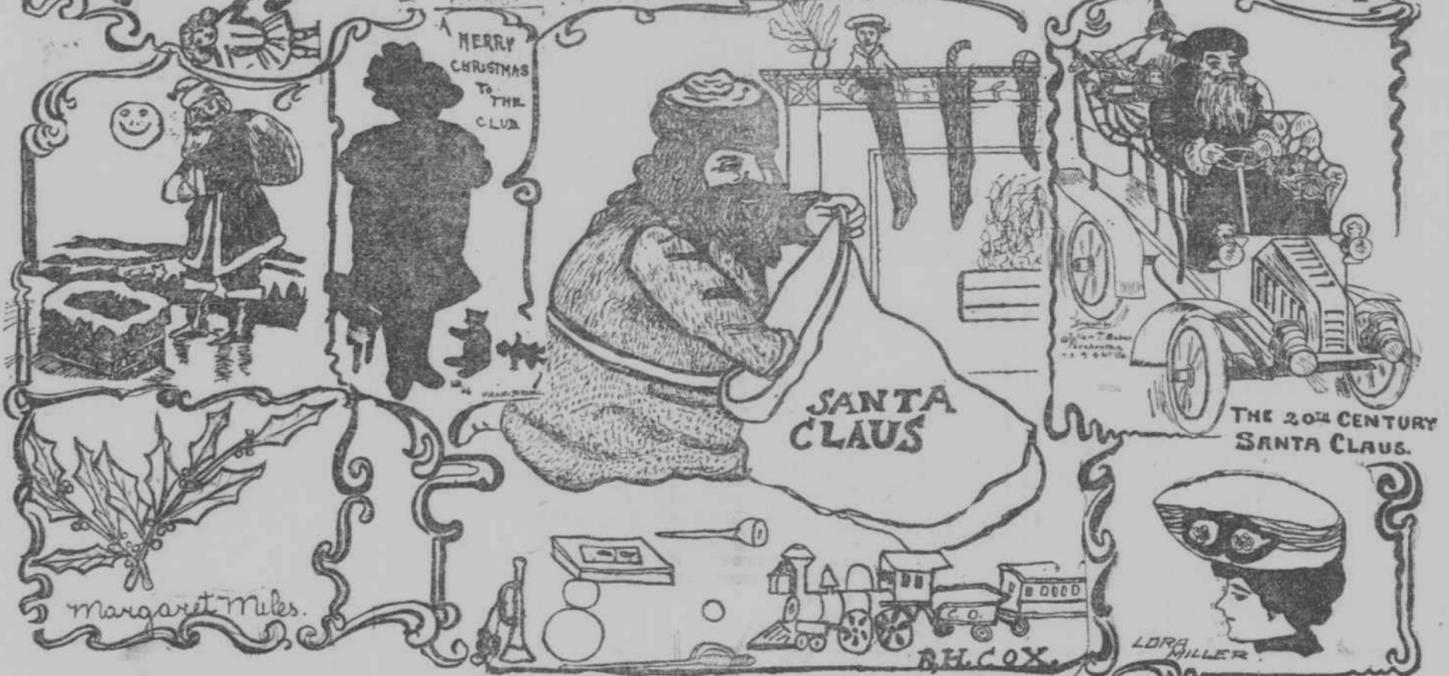
Christmas comes but once a year, and on the twenty-fifth of December. We should celebrate Christmas, because it is the Lord's birthday. He was born in a manger, and wise men from the East came and brought Him rich presents, and that in the reason why people give presents now. The angels appeared to the wise men in a dream, and told them that a king was going to be born in a stable, and they could tell where it would be, because a large star would appear.
All children are glad when Christmas comes, because Santa Claus comes to see them. Santa is sometimes called St. Nicholas and Kris Kringle. When Christmas comes, Santa brings us his presents to us in his sleigh, and dresses up in his fur and starts out. Once in Norway a little girl had a Christmas tree for the little birds. She put down fruit and nut crumbs on it for them.
Norwood, Va. OLIVE M. AGEE.



THE BEST YET.
(Prize Drawing.)



CHRISTMAS HUSTLERS



Margaret Miles. SANTA CLAUS. THE 20th CENTURY SANTA CLAUS. LORA MILLER. R. H. COX.

WHAT SANTA BROUGHT BESSIE

(Prize Story by Mary Lou Tench.)

Bessie was a poor little girl, and lived with her grandma in a little log-cabin with only two rooms. Bessie's parents were dead, and her grandma was very poor. Bessie had to go out every morning to pick up chips to earn bread for her and her grandma to eat, while her little brother, Tom, worked for Mr. Smith at his large grocery store. Well, Christmas was nearly there, and Bessie was crying because Santa Claus never brought her anything. Her grandma said that it was because they lived so far back in the woods Santa couldn't find the way back there; and every time Bessie thought of this years would come in the little darling's eyes. She had saved up all her pennies and the twenty-five cents Mr. Smith gave her on her last birthday, and she bought herself a new calico dress. Of course, she was very proud of the dress, but she wanted Santa to bring her something, too.
Christmas Eve was here. The night was cold and windy, and Bessie hung her little stockings by the fire. When she got up next morning, did she find her stockings empty? No! not it was full from top to toe. How glad was Bessie! She clasped her hands with joy, and little Tom's stockings was full, too.
Santa had brought Bessie a wax doll, a carriage, a pair of shoes, a new dress and a little slate and pencil and an A. B. C. book. Bessie was so proud. Tom's sock was full of candies, oranges and apples, and tied to the toe was a sled. Do you think the children enjoyed their Christmas? Why, yes! And Santa had not forgotten grandma, either. He brought her a new handkerchief. Bessie was so proud of her book, slate and pencil. She soon learned to write, read and draw, and what do you think? She soon wrote letters to the T. D. C. C., and won several prizes.
MARY LOU TENCH.

ONE CHRISTMAS MORN.

It was Christmas morning, and you know I awoke very early. It had snowed all night and the snow was about two feet deep. I dressed very swiftly and ran downstairs to see if the snow had kept old Santa away, but to my surprise he had been and left my tree hanging with toys and confectioneries, and among them was a lovely little silk handkerchief. In it laid two shining half dol-



EDITH'S CHRISTMAS.

Once there was a poor little orphan, whose name was Edith. She didn't know anything about Santa Claus. She worked on Christmas as any other day. She was trying to make money enough to buy some things to eat. As she was walking down the street, she met two boys who were talking about Santa Claus, and the good things they were going to have. So she asked them who was Santa Claus, and where he got all those pretty things. He is an old man who brings good children toys and candy. Edith never gotten anything like that, she said, while tears were starting from her eyes, and the little boys' hearts were moved. They begged her to come to their home the next morning. So the next morning she went, and was almost bewildered at the beautiful things she saw, and how it pleased the little boys to see how happy they had made her.
It was soon nighttime, so she started to leave, and how her heart ached when she thought of going out to beg for a place to sleep.
The little boys saw how sad she was, and wanted to know about her mother and home. And when she told them she had no home they felt sorry for her. After that little Edith always had a

CHRISTMAS.

Our first Christmas Day
Was when I remember Christ did lay;
He was the Saviour whom God did call
And died to save us all.
And we keep it every year,
And every one thinks it dear;
And the children sing with glee
About their merry Christmas tree.
And Santa Claus will soon be here,
That jolly old man,
He brings his bag upon a sled,
Drawn by reindeer richly fed.
For they travel a great long way
And have to reach here before break of day.
When children are in the land of dreams
He is crossing moor and streams.
He travels down the great big road
And talks to the deer which carry the load.
Then he blows his great big horn,
And sings his merry Christmas songs.
And down the chimney as he goes past,
And away again, oh so fast,
Through the wind and through the snow,
Dear old Santa has to go.
LESLIE WAMACK.
210 E. Clay Street, City.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

One Christmas eve Mary came running into the house, and asked mamma to let her have it, and all of us went to work and decorated our house. We went up on the cliff, and got some ferns, running cedar and holly. While we were getting them mamma made some cakes, and cooked a turkey and two or three hams. Papa went to the store and got some nice candy and a lot of games. We decided to have it the day after Christmas, so when the time came we were quite ready. About 10 o'clock that day we saw a wagon coming down the road. There were five girls and five boys in it; then several other girls came afterwards. Their names were Winnie, Ollie, Pattie, Ada and Nettie. The boys' names were Frank, John, Henry, Tom and Harry. Minnie, Lou, Marion, Pearl, Jack, Goodwin and Willie came in the evening. We played about all of the morning, and then the bell rang. All of us went into the house to dinner. After dinner we went into the parlor, and played till 11 o'clock. Then we went out upon the cliff again, and cut our names on the trees. Coming home, we saw a boy with wild curls who was carrying a sack full of things to his home. It was said they spent a joyful day. Lou, Marion, Winnie and Pattie stayed all night. We played dolls in our parlor until dark, then we went out and shot Roman candles and fireworks. The next day all went home. We certainly were sorry, but we went to two parties after that. We had enjoyed being together so much. I hope we may have a nice time like this every Christmas.
Your new friend,
CARRIE ALLEN.
Pitts, Va.

Puzzle Department

Jumbled Girls' Names.

1. Zein.
2. Lohel.
3. Jorm.
4. Yrochid.
5. Ledenia.
6. Roael.
7. Eljua.
8. Heel.
9. Tine.
10. Nilla.

By ANNE GARTRIGHT,
R. F. D. No. 2, Richmond, Va.

Christmas at the Red Inn

It was getting dark on the evening of December 24th, when along a quiet country road, a dilapidated old coach came rumbly noisily. It had looked inside they would have seen a pretty young mother with two eager, restless children, a fat, rambunctious old lady, a young man, evidently the husband of the pretty young mother, a quiet, timid-looking girl of about eighteen, and a delightfully jolly-looking, ruddy old gentleman.
"Really this is the most disgraceful old coach I've ever seen. It will be the death of me, jolting every bone in my body in this way," said the fat old lady, in aggrieved and angry tones. She addressed no one in particular, and a delightfully jolly-looking, ruddy old gentleman, who was seated next to her, said, "I think it is rather jolly than otherwise. Every jolly jolly more Christmas into my bones."
Before the old lady had time to answer there was a crash, and several loud shrieks, as the coach turned directly over.
"Oh I'm dead, I'm dead," wailed the old lady, as somehow or other they were all helped out of the ruins. "Pardon me, madam, I think you are very much alive," said the old gentleman, helping her to her feet.
"We are all a good bit shaken up," said the driver, solemnly, "but none of us hurt. The question is, how are we going any further? The coach is done for."
"Is there no place near here where we can stop over night?" asked the old gentleman.
"The 'Red Inn' is a little piece up the road, and is a right cozy little place, but you can't get to your folks for Christmas," said the driver, "because the landlord has hired out his coach for two or three days, and it's the only thing of the sort around here," was the driver's reply.
"Well we can send messages to them by someone on horseback, and we can try to have a merry Christmas at the 'Red Inn,'" said the old gentleman, but his ruddy face fell, and every one looked visibly cross and disappointed.
"This was the only thing to do, however, and soon they were all comfortably established at the cozy little 'Red Inn.'"
Christmas morning, as everyone came downstairs, they were greeted with "Mer-

ry Christmas," from the jolly old gentleman, who sat in the hall by a roaring log fire.
When all were downstairs the landlord threw open the dining-room door, and revealed a cheerful room, decked in holly, and a long table, where before each plate was a stack of bundles. The night before everyone had searched their belongings and had found some little present for each inmate of the "Red Inn." A merry time was spent as the packages were untied and presents revealed. After breakfast the landlord drew chairs around the blazing sitting-room fire, and brought in candy, nuts and fruit in abundance for his guests, who by this time were getting quite friendly.
The landlord had introduced the jolly old gentleman as Mr. Holston, the old lady as Miss Bentley, the timid young girl as Miss Davidge, and the rest as Mr. Kent, Mrs. Kent, and Jack and Elsie Kent. These, with the exception of the landlord, Mr. Brown, and his wife and little girl, were the only inmates of the inn.
Later in the day the landlord came in and told all to follow him. He led them to a door, and as he opened it a shout of delight resounded through the room, as the children rushed into view, more closely the gorgeous tree, which rose to a noble height in the centre of the room, and on which ornaments glittered in the soft candle-light. Little holly and red ribbon bedecked packages, hung from its branches, and Mr. Holston, attired in a red costume which he said he had borrowed from Santa Claus especially for the occasion, and looking enough like that jolly saint to be his brother, stood in a miniature chimney and gave a package to each person, and much merriment ensued in looking at the little gifts they contained.
After they had tired of looking at the tree they all went to the dining-room, where an abundant Christmas dinner was spread.
After dinner they went back to the sitting-room and sang Christmas carols and made generally merry.
It was late when the party finally broke up and went to their rooms, each and all declaring that never had they spent so merry a Christmas.
ELEANOR C. SCOTT,
New River, Va. Box 17.

Answers to Jumbled Acrostics.

- No. 1.—Ted, Isabel, Marvin, Elizabeth, Sam.
No. 2.—Tommie, Dora, Charles, Cathline, Dora, Isaac, Sue, Paul, Albert, Thida, Charles, Helen.
VIRGINIA BUCHANAN,
Marion, Va.

"SANTA" ON HIS WAY.
By Charles Murdoch, 1107 North Twenty-third Street, Richmond, Va.

Letters From The Children

Dear Editor.—Please send me a poem, "Little Bessie." I wish to join the T. D. C. C. and would like for you to send me a badge. Hoping to see this in your Sunday paper I will close. Your friend,
ESTELLE GATES,
228 Byrne Street, Petersburg, Va.

Dear Editor.—I would like to join the club because I would like to see the T. D. C. C. drawing, which I trust will be good enough to publish. I enjoy to read the T. D. C. C. page very much. With wishes for a Merry Christmas to the club, I am your little friend,
VIRGINIA BOWWELL,
11 Berkeley Place, Staunton, Va.

Dear Editor.—I am going to send in a poem for the children's page and enjoy it so much. Please put this in by Christmas, as I want it to come out in the Christmas page. I remain a member with best wishes for all the club members and you,
ESTELLE WAMACK,
210 E. Clay Street, City.

Dear Editor.—I am a little girl eight years old and would like to join the T. D. C. C. as to the training school at the State Normal, I am glad that Christmas is nearly here. For this day, I am your little friend,
MRS. YOUNG, N. IRVING BLANTON,
Box 125, Farmville, Va.

Dear Editor.—I would like to become a member of the T. D. C. C. I read the paper every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I would like to read a column of published stories. I remain, yours truly,
HELEN H. GREY,
126 W. Leigh Street, Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor.—I would like very much to become a member of the T. D. C. C. I always read the children's page and enjoy it so much. I am sending you a little story. Please do not throw it in the waste basket. Don't forget to send me a badge. Your new friend,
CARRIE ALLEN,
Pitts, Va.

Dear Editor.—A friend of mine, William T. Pullen, Jr., having shown me the T. D. C. C. paper, I liked it so well that I want to become a member. Please send me a badge. Enclosed please find a drawing, "Old Santa," from the Christmas page, which I hope to see published. I am a little girl eight years old and live at Wallace, N. C. I beg to remain, your friend,
WALLACE, N. C. VIVIAN WHITEFIELD.

Dear Editor.—I am not a member of the T. D. C. C., but would like to become one very much. I read the Times-Dispatch every Sunday and enjoy them very much. I would like to send you a badge. I will try to put something in the paper every Sunday. I remain, yours truly,
HERMAN L. WOOD,
21 West Wilcox Street, Petersburg, Va.

Dear Editor.—I am not a member of your club, but would like to become one. We take the Times-Dispatch and think it is a fine paper. I love to read the children's page. Here is a drawing I hope you will print in your paper. I am your little friend,
PIANNE WILDRON,
81 Virginia Street, Lynchburg, Va.

Dear Editor.—I have not written to you for a long time, so I am going to send you a Christmas story entitled, "Elizabeth Surprises." I hope you will like it. I am your little friend. I remain as ever, your loving friend,
ESTELLE WAMACK,
210 E. Clay Street, Newport News, Va. P. S.—Please send me another badge.

Dear Editor.—I have not written to you for some time, but I am going to write now and send you a drawing. I will think it so much if you will print it in the children's page. Here is a drawing I hope you will print in your paper. I am your little friend,
ELISE S. WYATT,
25 Twenty-sixth Street, Newport News, Va.

Dear Editor.—I have been reading the T. D. C. C. paper and I like it so much. I would like very much to become a member. Enclosed you will find the answers to the puzzle in the children's page. I am your little friend. I remain, yours truly,
WALLACE, N. C. VIVIAN WHITEFIELD.

Dear Editor.—I received the badge and thank you very much for it. I intended to write some for you, but I have not had time. Enclosed you will find the answers to the puzzle in the children's page. I am your little friend. I remain, yours truly,
PIANNE WILDRON,
81 Virginia Street, Lynchburg, Va.

Dear Editor.—My sister is a member of the T. D. C. C. and she likes it so well. I would like to become one of your little members. I am your little friend. I remain, yours truly,
WALLACE, N. C. VIVIAN WHITEFIELD.

Dear Editor.—I would like to become a member of the T. D. C. C. I read the paper every Sunday and enjoy it so much. I would like to send you a badge. I will try to put something in the paper every Sunday. I remain, yours truly,
LEILA H. HARRIS,
Charlotte Street, Lynchburg, Va.

Dear Editor.—I have got written to you now for several weeks, for I keep on busy in school getting and reading seven books each day. I send you a little story, entitled "The Merry Tale of Two Indians," which I hope will be worth publishing. We have had a very merry Christmas here this fall, and I enjoyed it very much; only wished it would have lasted longer. I will close now, and best wishes for the other members. Your sincere member,
Winnie, Va. MARY JUDITH INGRAM.

Dear Editor.—I now take great pleasure in writing to you and your great paper, and especially the T. D. C. C. page. I hope you will have received my badge. I would like to have my badge some time soon. I was very glad to see my picture in the paper. I am your little friend. I remain, yours truly,
LEILA H. HARRIS,
Charlotte Street, Lynchburg, Va.

Dear Editor.—We take your paper and watch for the children's page. I want to join the T. D. C. C., but don't know what you are talking about. Let me know please. We live very down in the city and don't go anywhere or see anybody, but play with the chickens and the ducks and cows and hogs. I don't go to church, but our sweet teacher, Mrs. Jordan, tells us about the lovely little Jesus who came Christmas day. I will be glad to hear from you. Send me a badge that will make me a T. D. C. C. member.
HARRIETT E. MORRIS,
Care of Mrs. J. W. Morris,
Walton, Louisa county, Va.

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